

A NEW
POEM
ON THE
DREADFUL DEATH
OF THE
EARL of ESSEX,
WHO
Cut his own Throat in the TOWER.

By the Embroyan-Fancy of Anti-Jack Presbyter.

Come, with a nimble thrust of *Rapier'd wit*,
(My Muse) now *Stab* all *Traitors*, point at, hit
The *Throat* of a *Self-murthurer*, whose fall
Doth manifest his *Crimson Guilt* to all.

Led by the *Halter* to the *Stygian Lake*.

Many there be, he to prevent the *Stake*,
Or *Hemp* or *Hatchet*, took a shorter *Cut*,
(As if to *die* were but to *crack a nut*.)

To let his *Soul* fly from its *Prison*, *Body*,
To *stept* to—ask his *Chronies*, *How d'ye*?

O pity 'tis that such a *Branch* as he,
Should thus deserve so sad an *Elegy*.

Whose *Loyal Father* pawn'd his life to those,
Who were the grand *Promoters* of the *Cause*.

So excellent his *Father*, that 't'express
His *Excellencies*, seemes to make them *less*.

"Should I presume to tell his worth, I fear

"(My Muse) I should subscribe a *Murthurer*.

"To do't by halves were *fair*, but 'twould be *sed*,

"'Twere only then but *Drawn and Quartered*.

My Lord (like *Tully's Son*) *Degenerates*.

A *Worm*, within his breast most sadly *prates*,
Conscience (The *Kings Attorney*) stings his heart
So mortally, that now he dares *depart*.

"A wounded soul close coupled with the fence
of *Sin*, payes home its proper *Recompence*.

"Could not your active hands had fairly staid

"The leasure of a *Psalm*? *Judas* has pray'd,

"But later *Crimes* cannot admit the *Pause*,

"They run upon effects more than the *Cause*.

Hangman will curse your *Feates*, 'tis most severe
To be ones proper *Executioner*.

Some do affirm, that 'twixt such *Acts* and *Death*,
One may *repent*, even at his last *breath*.

I fear, there is, (after so foul a *Sin*.)

Too narrow a gap to let *Repentance* in.

His Death to th' *Saints* this *Doctrine* will afford,
Impatient of being with the *Lord*

He was good man: Dearly-Beloved, praise

His *Policy*, in shortening his *Days*.

"But if the *Saints* thus give's the *slip*, 'tis need

"We look about us, to preserve the *Breed*.

"Hence sweep the *Almanack*: Lilly make room,

"And *Blanks* enough, for the *New Saints* to come

"All in *Red Letters*: As their *Faults* have been

"Scarlet; so limb, their *Anniverse* of *sin*.

Jack Presbyter, I tell the *Whorson*, *Lyar*,

Encomiums that do amount much higher.

'Tis height of *Valour*, *Fortitude*, to kill

(Not our strong foes, but) a mans self at will.

Brave active *Roman Spirit*! *Purgatory*

Shall be to thee, for a new *Inventory*.

Scylla, *Charibdis*, *Python*, *Acheron*,

Medea's Bull, the *Tails* of the *Dragon*,

Sea-monsters, *Serpents*, *Gorgons*, *Centaur*s all

Medusa's, *Bugbear-Harpies* these I call

Mormos and *Bugs*, (as our stout Earl did see,) *To fright* poor *Idiots* to *Morality*.

Cowards do dread the grim pale face of *Death*,
Who foil'd b' it, are but squeezed out of *Breath*.

Give me an *Hector* greedy of's own blood

Makes *Death* to tremble, bids *Damnation*, *slad*,

Fears not the *Gods*, 'tis *sin*, if they be good,

If bad, why 'ere in aw of them men stood?

Death, *Hell*, *Damnation* and if thou not fearest,

Jack Presbyter, dy thou thus if thou darest.

Or else learn hence not to aspire too nigh

The high *Perogatives* of *Majesty*.

Wibe le *Roy*, let *Rebells* meet the end,

If their *Repentance* may not it prevent.